the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum. The Jews of the capital city were next on the list.

In this atmosphere, Tauber, at age 29, became chief surgeon at a makeshift hospital for Jews. His memories of that time are described in staccato images, interrupted by cracking voice and silent tears.

''A mother begged me to save her son. But you understand, he was dead already.''

Zoltan Barta, a friend and former schoolmate, was hit in the head with shrapnel. His last words: ''My dear Laci, save me.''

Sandor Barna, who refused to wear the required yellow star, begged Tauber to fix the hooked nose that threatened to betray his ethnicity. But Tauber didn't have the equipment. The Nazis killed Barna. ''If I could have operated on Sandor Barna,'' Tauber says, ''he would be alive today.''

But Reich says Tauber is an unsung hero, worthy of a Presidential Medal of Freedom. Imagine the irony, he says, of running a hospital for people slated to die.

''It's strange, and crazy, but also necessary, and compelling and ultimately noble,'' Reich says. ''And he did it as a young man. And he did it in a manner that foretold his future.''

GIVING AND GETTING

Tauber's son, Alfred Tauber, remembers as a young boy visiting New York City. ''At night, I'd walk with my father around Times Square,'' he says. ''I'd ask, 'What are you doing? Why are we here?' He'd answer, 'I'm looking for my old friends.' ''

And sometimes, amazingly, they would find one. If the person needed money, Tauber would arrange to give some.

Tauber had come to the United States to take a fellowship at George Washington University, where he was paid a small stipend and supplemented his income by giving physicals for 25 cents each. ''I offered my services for less than a decent prostitute would charge,'' he says now.

Hugo V. Rissoli, a retired professor, says that Tauber was brilliant, but that the doctor assigned to be his mentor virtually ignored him, and Tauber was not asked to stay on.

Tauber sensed antisemitism and reacted much as he did when he was 12: If discrimination was to keep him from rising at an established hospital, he'd build his own. He built the hospital, the now-closed Jefferson Memorial in Alexandria, in part so he could train other young doctors who had earned their degrees abroad.

In his spare time, with a $750 loan, he began amassing the necessary fortune in real estate.

''Real estate meant independence, to practice as I wish,'' he says. ''I spent 5 percent of my time on real estate but got 95 percent of my money from it.'' His development portfolio was diversified—office, retail, government, residential. In 1985, he became the only doctor ever named on the Forbes magazine list of richest men.

Tauber takes enormous pride in his surgical skills but shows none in his real estate prowess.

Real estate, his son Alfred thinks, is the means his father uses to steel himself against an unstable world. But, says Alfred, a medical doctor and director of the Center for Philosophy and History of Science at Boston University, it also ''appeals to his competitive streak. He takes delight that he can play the game better than most.''

Wizards owner Abe Pollin marvels at Tauber, whom he met in the early 1950s. ''It took every ounce of my energy to run my real estate business,'' Pollin says. ''I was much less successful at it than him, and he did it while running a full-time medical practice.''

Tauber's real estate empire brought many battles. As the federal government's biggest landlord, he was known for building exactly to code, with no frills.

For two years, nine federal agencies fought being transferred to an 11-story building on Buzzard Point that the General Services Administration was renting from Tauber for $2.5 million a year. It was so spare, they couldn't imagine working there. Finally, the GSA strong-armed the Federal Bureau of Investigation into moving there.

Rissoli likes to tell of the time neighbors complained Tauber was putting up a three-story apartment building in an area zoned for lower buildings. Tauber took off the roof, removed a few rows of bricks and called it a 2.5-story building.

Tauber's daughter, Irene, a San Francisco psychologist, says she never realized growing up that her family was wealthy. They lived simply, in an apartment building that was part of a Tauber development in Bethesda, between Massachusetts Avenue and River Road.

But they were initially unwelcome in the neighborhood, even though they owned it.

Tauber says that soon after he submitted the winning bid to buy the land in the late 1950s, an agent representing the owners asked that he agree not to sell any of the residential tracts to blacks or Jews.

The agent was amazed when Tauber told him he was Jewish. Under threat of a lawsuit—and at the agent's urging—the owners went through with the deal.

THE USES OF MONEY

Some years ago, Tauber was due at a reception at Brandeis University, where he had donated $1.6 million to establish an institute for the study of European Jewry. He needed a white shirt and steered his daughter toward Korvette's, the New York-based discount store. Inside, he headed for the basement.

''Daddy, Korvette's is already cheap,'' Irene protested. ''You don't have to go in the bargain basement.''

Tauber's only concession to his wealth is the home he shares with his second wife, Diane. (He and his first wife, now deceased, were divorced years ago.) But even his home cost him little: He made a huge profit by selling off some of the surrounding land.

But although he doesn't spend money on himself, he gives it away. He harbors resentment about the treatment he says he got at George Washington University decades ago, but he agreed to donate $1 million to the campus Hillel Center on the condition that a room be named in honor of Rissoli.

Rissoli says he did nothing more than be friendly to Tauber. But Tauber says that by being kind, Rissoli restored his faith in humanity.

One-third of the new $15 million grant will be funneled through GW, the rest through Boston University and others to be named. Recipients, to be selected by the universities, will be required to take one Holocaust-related course or tutorial.

Tauber says he hopes the gift will prompt students to think about the sacrifices of their forefathers. The funds are dedicated to the memory of his parents, as well as his uncle and his only brother, both of whom died in the Holocaust.

Why do it now?

''I don't stay here too long,'' he says. ''At my age I should not start to read a long book.''

The money, most of which will become available at Tauber's death, will be awarded with one unusual guideline: The percentage of African Americans who receive the scholarships must be at least as large as the percentage who served during World War II—or about 6 percent, according to military historians.

''It cannot be tolerated,'' Tauber explains, ''that those of us who were discriminated against should ever ourselves discriminate.''

The Americans who fought in foreign lands for strangers, Tauber says, rescued a remnant of his people, and they saved the world.

''It is not enough,'' he says, ''to shake hands and say thank you.''

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. HAROLD E. FORD, JR.

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 9, 1999

Mr. FORD. Mr. Speaker, last night I missed three votes due to personal business. If I had been present, I would have voted ''no'' on rollcall No. 174, ''no'' on rollcall No. 175, ''aye'' on rollcall No. 176, and ''no'' on rollcall No. 177.

COMMEMORATING THE NAPERVILLE, IL, MILLENNIUM CARILLON GROUNDBREAKING

HON. JUDY BIGGERT

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 9, 1999

Mrs. BIGGERT. Mr. Speaker, I rise to bring to my colleagues' attention an amazing event that will take place in my district, in Naperville, Illinois.

Can you hear it?

That is the theme of the Naperville Millennium Carillon project, the groundbreaking ceremony for which will take place this Friday. It will be a great tower, almost 150 feet high, in the heart of one of America's most vibrant cities. It will house one of only four carillons of its stature in the nation.

The bells of the Millennium Carillon will ring for the first time on the Fourth of July, in the year 2000. They will ring amid the report of cannon, as the Naperville Municipal Band swells toward the final bars of the 1812 Overture. And the harmony they sound will be a symphony of celebration—celebration of community, of tradition, and of the future.

The tower and carillon will stand, first, as a monument to the spirit of Naperville. It is only through the support of the city's people that the carillon and tower will rise over the coming months. Led by the generous donation of two great benefactors, Harold and Margaret Moser, the community is quickly making this recent dream a soaring reality.

In its design and placement, the carillon reminds us of a great past. It will take its place as part of another recent gift from the community, the Naperville Riverwalk. This beautiful preserve was dedicated in 1981 to celebrate the city's sesquicentennial. The traditional limestone of the Harold and Margaret Moser Tower will echo the work of the early Naperville stonemasons who quarried along the banks of the West Branch of the DuPage River. And inside the tower, a unique, interactive and living time capsule will offer visitors for years to come a view of what Naperville looks like today.

Those visitors will hear also the clarity of a community that is confidently facing the future.